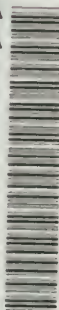


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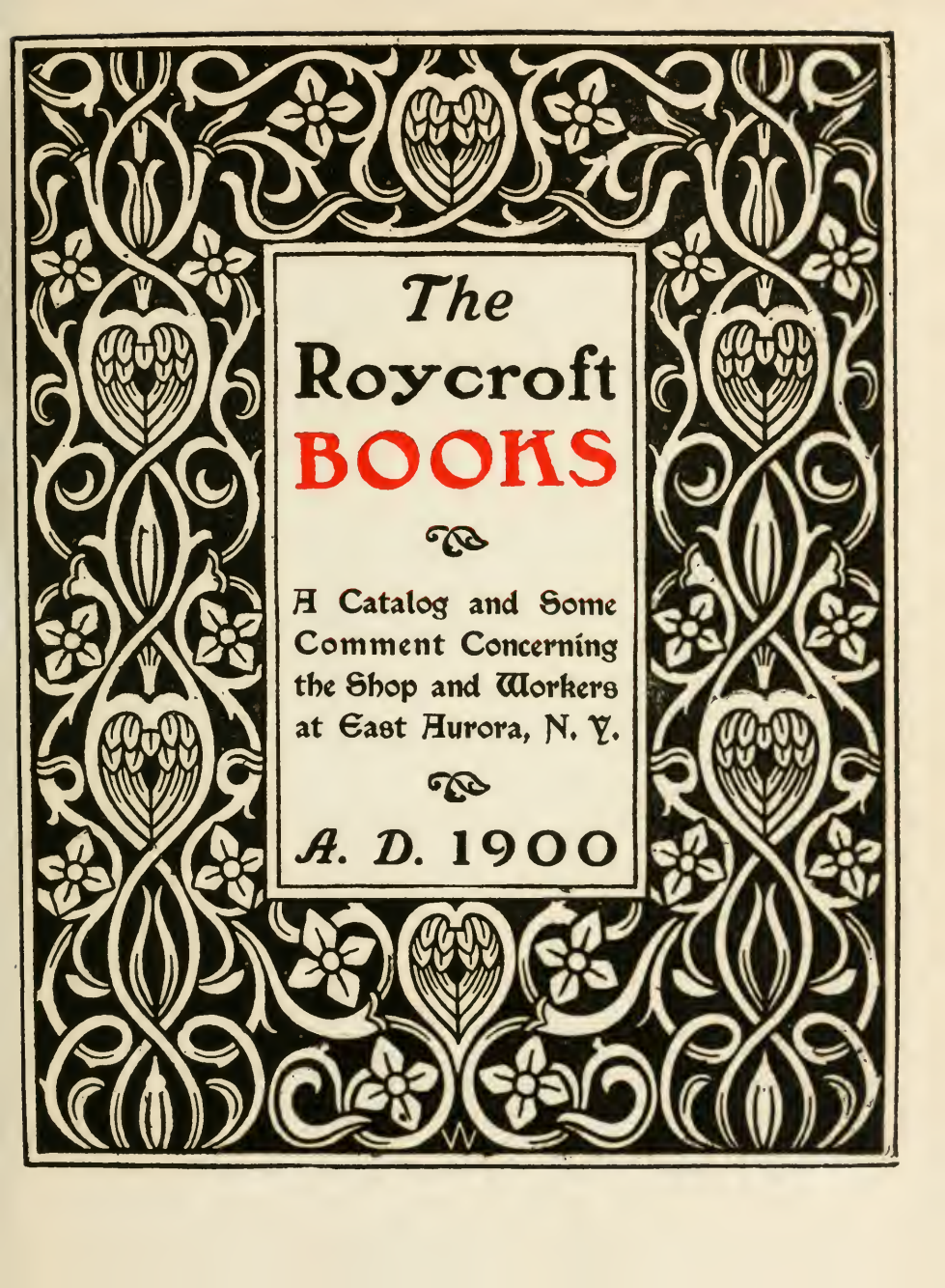








Fra Elbertus  
and the little De Luxe



*The*  
**Roycroft**  
**BOOKS**



A Catalog and Some  
Comment Concerning  
the Shop and Workers  
at East Aurora, N. Y.



*A. D. 1900*





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# *The Roycroft Shop* **GREETING**



THE ROYCROFTERS are a community of workers who make beautiful Books and Things—making them as good as they can. The paper on which Roycroft books are printed is the best procurable, and some of the initials are illuminated.

As a gift you probably cannot present anything at equal cost that would be more acceptable than a hand-illuminated Roycroft book. Our work is the product of Hand & Brain in partnership. In things made by hand there are no duplicates; and further, there is a quality of sentiment attached to articles thus produced that never clings to fabrics made in vast quantities by steam. If you desire we will gladly send you "on suspicion" several volumes to choose from—a postal card from you will do it. We pay express both ways.

**THE ROYCROFTERS**  
East Aurora  
N. Y.



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LIBRARY





An Illuminator.



*The Roycroft Shop*  
*East Aurora, N. Y.*



THE HOUSE OF LIFE: A Sonnet Sequence by Dante Gabriel Rossetti Each of the one hundred and two sonnets begins with a special large initial, hand-illuminated throughout; stoutly bound in boards, leather back and corners. The tout ensemble of this book makes it especially suitable for a wedding present, or something—being a little better in point of typography than our “Sonnets of Shakespeare,” although not equal to our “Sonnets from the Portuguese.”

Edition limited to nine hundred and twenty-five  
copies on Roycroft hand-made paper, each \$ 5.00  
Fifty copies specially bound in ooze calf, silk  
lined, each 10.00

P. S.—The “Sonnets from the Portuguese” are all sold—it is quite useless to bother us by ordering them. If we had any, we would keep them. The original price was \$5.00, but the copy owned by the late Augustin Daly brought \$18.50 at auction.

**THE CITY OF TAGASTE :** Being two essays by Fra Elbertus ❀ Wide margins ; Caslon old style type ; photogravure frontispiece portrait of author on Chinese paper ; two specially illumined borders and tail-piece. Bound in boards, leather back and corners. A very good specimen of strong, plain, honest book-making.

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All are signed and numbered by the author.

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**THE ESSAY ON WALT WHITMAN :** By Robert Louis Stevenson, with a " Little Journey " to the Home of Whitman by Elbert Hubbard ❀ Hand illumined initials ; the title page designed by Mr. Louis Rhead. The frontispiece on Japan Vellum is a photogravure of the bas-relief made in the Shop by that strong and worthy young man, St. Gerome-Roycroft.

The edition on Boxmoor is bound in limp cham-  
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## THE RUBAIYAT OF OMAR KHAYYAM :

Printed from engraved plates made in our Shop—no type used in printing this book. Each quatrain in hand-illuminated border. The book is quite different, and some people like it and some do not.

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THE LAST RIDE : By Robert Browning ❖  
Each stanza enclosed in a separate specially

hand-illuminated border, and signed by the artist who did the work. The volume is especially designed for Lovers, Book-lovers and Others.

Nine hundred & forty copies on Roycroft hand-made paper, bound in plain boards, each	\$ 5.00
Fifty copies on Japan Vellum, each	25.00
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No book ever produced at the Roycroft Shop has given its makers a complete satisfaction. The imperfections and lapses are plainly apparent to us—we know when we come tardy off quite as well as the most exacting critic. Still we are not cast down; and although the Ideal continually recedes, yet we know that we have made better books this year than last; and next year we propose to make better books than we have this. But this book, “The Last Ride,” is an approach to the Ideal; it has the flavor of the Missal, and bears on every page and part the apparent touch of consecrated labor. The Young People who made this book found much joy in their work, and this joy





FRANKLIN D. ROBERTS


will be the possession of each one of the Elect who owns a copy. And yet it is not the Perfect Book!

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**CHRISTMAS EVE:** By Robert Browning, with a sincere and gracious study of the poem by Mary H. Hull.

Price of the book on Boxmoor, hand-illuminated,  
bound in limp chamois, silk lined, is \$ 2.00  
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**MAUD:** By Alfred Tennyson  On Whatman hand-made paper, hand-illuminated, bound plainly in boards, roycroftie.

Nine hundred and twenty copies, per volume, \$ 2.50  
One hundred copies, specially illuminated, 5.00  
Forty copies—Japan Vellum, specially illuminated, 10.00

This poem in the Kelmscott edition now commands a figure twelve times the original price. Our book is not equal to the William Morris edition, but it is a move in the right direction. The title page, initials and ornaments used in it were designed especially for this volume by Mr. Samuel Warner.

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**LITTLE JOURNEYS TO THE HOMES OF GOOD MEN AND GREAT.** By Elbert Hubbard. Volume I. The subjects are as follows :

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| 1 George Eliot.     | 7 Victor Hugo.          |
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In one volume and illustrated with twelve portraits.  
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| 4 Lowell, by Chas. F. Briggs.      | 10 Longfellow, by Geo. Wm. Curtis. |
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| 1 Michael Angelo.   | 7 Fortuny.              |
| 2 Rembrandt.        | 8 Ary Scheffer.         |
| 3 Rubens.           | 9 Jean Francois Millet. |
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| 5 Titian.           | 11 Landseer.            |
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All of these "Little Journeys" up to Volume V, inclusive, were printed by G. P. Putnam's Sons, but are bound by the Roycrofters in limp leather, satin-lined, title inlaid.

**We have the following special books at the prices quoted:**

**TIME & CHANCE:** By Elbert Hubbard ❀ A narrative Life of John Brown. This work was printed from the types, the edition is sold, and the book will not be reprinted. Price for the set of two volumes, \$5.00

**THE ESSAY ON FRIENDSHIP:** By Ralph Waldo Emerson ❀ On Roycroft watermark paper, specially hand-illuminated, bound in ooze calf, silk lined. A beautiful bit of book-making, \$5.00

**THE INTELLECTUAL LIFE:** By Philip Gilbert Hamerton ❀ In double columns, on Whatman, after a





Illuminators at Work.



format devised by Jenson. Bound in boards, \$7.50

**THE ANCIENT MARINER** ♣ Japan Vellum, full  
Levant, hand tooled, two copies, \$25.00

**THE ROYCROFT CATALOG** for 1900 ♣ Our boys  
printed some of these catalogs on special paper for  
keep-sakes, and there being a few over we have extra-  
illustrated them. The book contains sixteen photo-  
gravures on Japan paper of Roycroft workers, East  
Aurora scenes and other interesting data. Bound stoutly  
and well in leather, \$2.00

**The following Roycroft Books are out of print:**

The Song of Songs.  
The Book of Ecclesiastes.  
Art and Life.  
On Going to Church.  
The Legacy.  
Ruskin-Turner.  
Upland Pastures.  
Love Ballads of the XVIth Century.  
In the Track of the Book-Worm.  
The Book of Job.  
Sesame and Lilies.  
The Deserted Village.  
Sonnets from the Portuguese.  
Love-Letters of a Musician.  
In Memoriam.  
Hand and Brain.  
As It Seems to Me.

Confessions of an Opium Eater.  
A Dream of John Ball.  
Dipsy Chanty.  
Essays of Elia.  
A Persian Pearl.  
Philistine Sermons.  
The Rubaiyat.  
Ballads of a Book-Worm.  
Ancient Mariner.  
Essay on Friendship.  
Shakespeare's Sonnets.  
Aucassin and Nicolette.  
Time and Chance, 2 volumes.  
Intellectual Life.  
Ali Baba.

**The Roycrofters are daily in receipt of letters reading thus :**

“ Please mail cat., naming best discount to dealers.” And so it may not be amiss to here say that the Roycrofters do not give discounts to any one, all their wares being strictly net. They do not sell to dealers. The few books made by the Roycrofters are quickly taken by Book-Lovers, and if you want Roycroft books you have to write direct to East Aurora for them. East Aurora is now a money-order postoffice, and the place is down on the map, Mr. Howells to the contrary notwithstanding. The Roycrofters are always glad to send their books to the Faithful “on suspicion”—a postal card will do it.



The Red One



## The Work of the Roycrofters.

From the New York Independent.

ALL of our wisest moves are accidents, and every good thing began as something else.

The Roycroft Shop is an accident, resulting from a joke. The particular joke was to print a pamphlet or two, and say a few things about people the author did not especially admire. Not that these people were his enemies—not at all—no one has any sure-enough enemies. This world is too busy a place for any one to sit down and hate you. You may get in the way of folks, and then they will jostle you, & possibly walk over you, but they are not your enemies on that account.

The people the author did not especially admire were magazine publishers and newspaper managing editors. The reason the author did not like these people was because they respectfully declined his MS., and sent back his verses with great regularity.

And so in May, 1895, the author decided to print a brownie pamphlet—“chipmunk magazine”—at his own expense, and in this magazine make ironical remarks.

So he wrote his magazine & had it printed at the office of the East Aurora “Weekly Blizzard.” The “Blizzard” is a nice patent-inside paper, eminently respectable, and there is no wish to reflect on it, or its genial editor; but the editor of the “Blizzard” not being especially interested in the art preservative, the quality of the printing did not suit the finicky tastes of the author.

So therefore, when the author, slightly inflated by the success of the first number of his pamphlet, wanted to get out another issue, he got desperate and just up and bought a little printing outfit of his own. He set up his amateur shop on the barn floor; hired a boy and went at it. All this was quite a natural move, for in his boyhood the author had been a printer's devil and he had never entirely recovered. So the boy and the author worked, or played possibly is the better word, at printing.

But it took more time than the author thought, and as he had other work to do, the boy brought his big brother to help.

Then there was n't quite enough work to keep the boys busy, and as the boys should be kept busy (especially when you pay them three dollars a week), the author decided to print a book.

The question then arose, how should this book be printed, and the answer was, "Print it as well as you possibly can!" It was n't for sale, anyway, did n't have to be done Saturday night, and the author had no one to please but himself.

In 1892 the author had visited the Kelmscott Press at Hammer-smith & there met William Morris. In fact he had been exposed, and caught it. Good things are catching as well as bad.

Morris was a man of marvelous power. He was frank, bold, gruff, trowsled, and dressed in overalls and blouse like a workingman. But a very little conversation with the man proved to you that his seeming gruffness came from his being completely absorbed in his work. When he closed in on an idea he had no time nor thought for anything else. He was master of six distinct trades. He gloried in doing things with his hands. To cut things out and piece them

together in a beautiful and useful shape was his recreation. To carve in wood, weave bright strands of silk into cloth, hammer iron into shape, to paint pictures and draw forms, was to him a delight. And there was only one thing that gave William Morris more joy than to do things with his hands, and that was to show others how to do things with their hands. William Morris always made things as well as he could. His motto was, "Not how cheap, but how good."

And so when the farmer-author at the village of East Aurora, N. Y., bethought him to make a book, he said in a burst of enthusiasm, "Why, we'll make it like a William Morris book!"

So the book was made—six hundred copies on the finest English hand-made paper—antique type, wide margins and all that, and to the great surprise of all concerned the book sold and the edition was soon gone, although the work was crude and lacking in many ways. But knowing where it was wrong there was a great desire to make another book and make it better. So a second book was begun that was to be an improvement on the







Mr. Bane & the Book

first and a certain Good Woman would illumine the initials herself, as the nuns used to do, centuries ago. An old missal was unearthed from the bottom of a chest where it lay wrapped in chamois, and the work of the early Venetians was closely studied.

The Good Woman began to illumine, and she soon found she had a job on hand. It was slow work. Minnie Gardner, the eldest daughter of old Mr. and Mrs. Gardner, dropped in one day and said, "Let me try that!" Then she came the next day, and liked the work, for we like anything we can do well. Then Minnie knew another girl who had nothing to do, and there was a sick mother to support, and so this girl was sent for to come and help.

In the meantime it was suggested that the boys in the barn hurry things up a bit, and get the other forms of the book ready to illumine. Then, besides, orders were coming in for the volume.

So two more boys were hired, and Ali Baba, the faithful old horse trainer, tried his hand at the press, too, and relieved the tedium by many impromptu pleasantries.

But now the business had grown

until it was thought best to build a special building, so the work could all be done under one roof. So a little building was planned, & built alongside of the author's house. This was to be the "Shop," and it was built like an old English chapel. To be exact, the old church at Grasmere, where Wordsworth lies buried, was taken as a model. It was only a little shop, but it was thought big enough, for there were only a dozen of the workers, anyway, and probably would never be any more. This shop was built with an idea to comfort and convenience. It must be neat and simple. Particular attention was paid to light, ventilation & sanitary appliances. The place looked like a church, but that was all right, for good work and religion should never be so far apart. The girls brought birds and flowers, and the boys framed pictures for the walls; there were cases for books, a big fireplace, & in one corner a piano. The place was called the Roycroft Shop, because there was a man by the name of Roycroft printed beautiful books in England two hundred years ago. Then Roycroft is a pretty word, anyway; Roy

means king, & croft means home or rest—Roycroft—King's Rest. Up to this time the books had been sent to Buffalo to be bound. But the man in Buffalo could not bind books any more than the "Blizzard" man could print, and the fact was faced that the Roycrofters must bind their own books; but to bind books is an art. Then it was that after much search a Leipsic bookbinder was found—a man who had spent seven years learning his trade, and had now been forced into a big shop where he was only a spoke in a wheel. It was a great joy to the Roycrofters to find this man; and it was a great joy to this man to have the Roycrofters find him. He set to work to bind books with his own hands, at a bench with no machinery but his hand-tools. There were two girls working at illuminating that found the work difficult, and so they were allowed to help the bookbinder; for it is against Roycroft ideals to send any one away who really wants to work—if they can't do one thing well, let them try something else. So the girls helped the binder, and the binder helped the girls.

And the bookbinding seemed to be going to the front.

People liked Roycroft work; orders came, and the little man from Leipsic began to work miracles in Levant. These bindings ran in price from ten to one hundred dollars, but people wanted them. More girls were hired & boys, too. A wing was put on the shop for a bindery.

But what 's the use of tiring good people with details? The Roycroft Shop now employs one hundred and seventy-five people. These people live in the village, or are farmers' boys and girls who live within a few miles of town. For the most part the workers are plain folks who have never traveled, nor had the advantages of literary or artistic associations. Some have had trouble at school and been expelled, others are said to be deficient mentally and morally, and some possibly have had their names written in penitentiary commitment papers—what boots it?

Have you never known the gratitude and affection of a proscribed person? Then you have never known what gratitude and loyalty and love are.

The Roycroft asks its applicants for no letter of recommendation or certificate of character.

It must not be imagined, however, that the Roycroft Shop is a reform school, or in any sense a philanthropic institution. It is simply a business venture that gives employment to the people who live in the village of East Aurora. Those who have nothing else to do, or who are not wanted elsewhere, gravitate to the Shop, and there they are given every opportunity to develop their energies.

In order to get the best possible results the management deems it good policy to surround the workers with an air of art and refinement, and to infuse into the work as much good cheer as possible. There are no bosses & no orders. There are requests and suggestions, but the intent is to put each worker on his honor, and to let him get all the fun out of his work that is possible.

The curse of the world is joyless labor.

Art is the expression of man's joy in his work.

And to that end there must be respites and occasional changes of

employment. Hence the Roycrofters have a fifteen minute recess in the middle of the forenoon and the same in the afternoon; an hour for lunch; outdoor tasks in way of erecting new buildings to which the boys all turn from time to time. Then in the Shop are bathrooms, musical instruments, a well assorted library, & gymnastic apparatus. The doors are never locked, and each Roycrofter is made to feel that it is not only a place of work, but also a place of rest and recreation. Further, it is well understood that no one will be "laid off" or discharged who does his best.

The Roycrofters set any young man or woman to work who lives in the village who applies. Besides the weekly wages there is a distribution of profits at Christmas time, where prizes are given out for good behavior, marked ability in doing work, and disposition to help others.

The workers are mostly boys and girls, but there are a few who are over seventy years young, and a man of eighty who draws a salary in consideration of his very assiduous boycott of the East Aurora barber.

There is a semi-monthly concert, when only Roycroft talent takes part; occasional lectures on art and literature, a reading club, night classes, free for all, in charcoal sketching and clay modeling. A phalanstery is in process of erection, where a free noonday hot meal will be supplied to every worker, and where half a dozen families that are directly connected with the Roycroft will take their meals. This building will contain a dormitory for men, and rooms for the accommodation of visitors. The kitchen will be in charge of a skilled person who can make it a scientific object lesson in the line of hygiene and economics.

There is also an Assembly Room, where each morning there will be a fifteen minutes' devotional exercise. This "service" is to consist of, say, reading from John Ruskin, a hymn, five minute addresses, and closing with a silent invocation. Such an exercise would be perfectly acceptable to all, and would tend to prepare the mind for the duties of the day, the intent being that labor shall be regarded as a consecration to the Good, or, if you please, to God.

The Roycroft work now includes bookmaking, in all its departments; making of tables, chairs and desks; ornamental iron work and the making of art pottery is just assuming shape. Each of the departments has evolved in a very modest way, simply by there being some one who could not do this so well as he could do that—so he was allowed to do what he could.

Socialistic experiments have usually failed through an attempt to start a full-fledged institution. All strong concerns are those that began in a small way, and grew because they could not help it, just as boys grow. Violence of direction is fatal to success, and too much anxiety to succeed leads straight to failure. A "commune" that begins with a hundred people will surely break very shortly through its own weight; but a co-operative concern that starts with two, and then grows to one hundred or five hundred, taking in new people as their services are required, becomes an amalgamation. It is a collection of strong people, because no man or woman is strong unless he can do something that is useful to other folks.



The L. Bracy Fireplace





Weak people are those who are not useful. If you are going to build a strong tower you add stone by stone and give your mortar time to set.

The Roycroft experiment has taught its founders several lessons, some of which might be named as follows :

1. As the quest is more than the achievement, so is the making of the thing more than the owning it.
2. All young people like to make things with their hands, & when they discover they can do something really useful, they are very happy.
3. No one knows what he can do until he tries. Some of the most skilled workers at the Roycroft declared they had no aptitude for certain work, but beginning at the simple they worked gradually up to the complex without knowing it.
4. "Bad people" are good people who have misdirected their energies.
5. The mad rage of manufacturers in America to make things cheap has to a degree been a

mistake. There are a great many people who want things beautiful, substantial and unique, and who will pay the price.

6. Froebel theories and kindergarten methods carried into manhood and applied to manufacturing is very good policy.

The question that is often asked, is, "Why did you locate in East Aurora?" & the answer is, "We did n't—it just happened!" East Aurora is in no wise peculiar—there are thirty such towns no better and no worse on the New York Central between Albany and Buffalo. There was no wealth in East Aurora, nor was there an "art impulse"—far from it. There was hoodlumism, which always exists where there is idleness, and taverns that sold hard cider. The Roycroft Shop simply gave the idle element an opportunity to go to work making beautiful things for people in New York, Chicago, and St. Louis, who wanted these things; and to get the work well done the management unlimbered the Golden Rule.

The Roycrofters will gladly send you any of their books on approval—a postal will do it.

## FOLKS WHO DO THINGS.

By Lindsay Denison in the New York Sun.

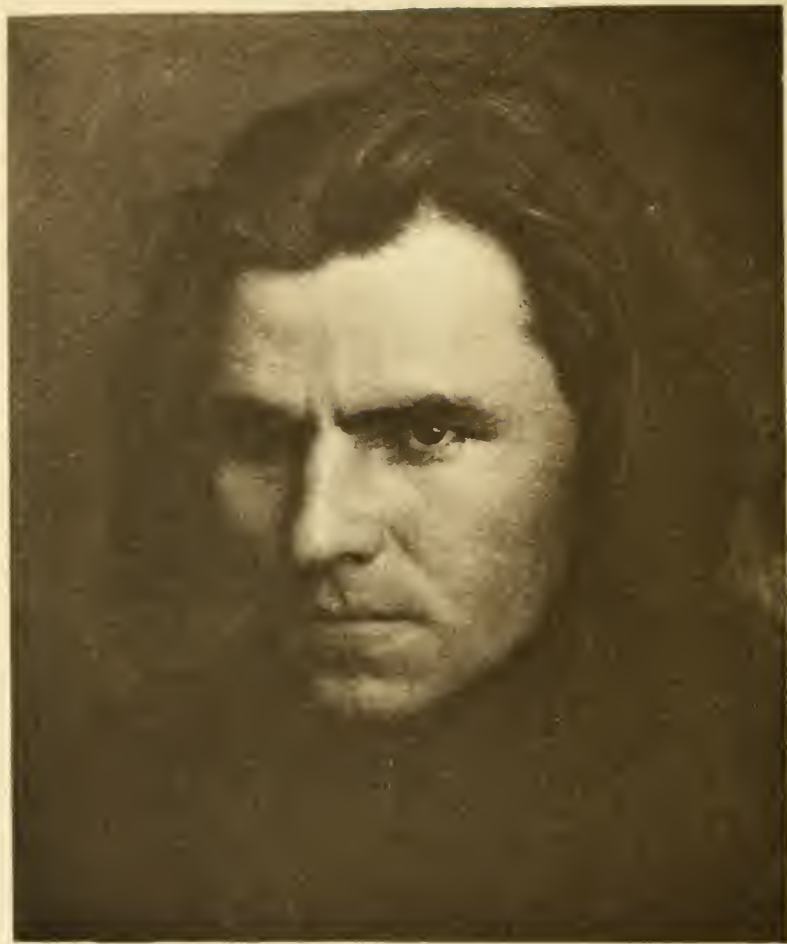
IN the town of East Aurora, seventeen miles from Buffalo, there is a merry and prosperous community who call themselves Roycrofters. Their object in life is to make beautiful things and to have a good time with the rest of the world. Their leader, Elbert Hubbard, wears his hair long, not because he thinks it is poetic or a badge of genius to do so, but because most folks wear their hair short. He has made himself known at a great distance from East Aurora during the last ten years by his writings and his lively and independent little magazine, *THE PHILISTINE*, which is devoted to letting the world know what Elbert Hubbard thinks of it. Hubbard does not take himself so seriously as most social reformers are apt to take themselves and he is not ashamed because his philanthropy is profitable.

It would be risking great inaccuracy to put a finger on any one of a census list of American occupations and say "Elbert Hubbard never did that."

The boss Roycrofter is now forty-two years old. He has an athletic frame and looks somewhat younger than his years. Wearing his hair as he does, he looks not unlike Henry Ward Beecher, except that his hair is black. He talks as he writes, in slang when it pleases him, and at another time in discourse saturated with art and letters. Since it became apparent that Hubbard was accomplishing in this country a great many things that William Morris did in England, a great many well-known men and women in this country and abroad have entered into correspondence with him and have tried to do him honor and have sought his company and counsel.

It was Elbert Hubbard's overpowering desire to heap scorn, ridicule and even abuse upon all who seemed to be shams & hypocrites that gave the Roycroft enterprise its beginning. Hubbard visited William Morris in 1892. What he saw on that visit impressed him, he says, more than any other thing had ever





St Jerome of E Aurora

done. His head was full of William Morris's ideas after that. He did not see how to put any of them into practice in this country, although he desired very much to do so. In the spring of 1895 he joined one or two friends in Buffalo in a plan to issue two or three pamphlets attacking certain publications and their editors, and other individuals who had roused his whimsical wrath. The plan at first was that the day of the pamphleteer should be revived. The cold, practical business sense with which Hubbard was endowed took note of the fact that it would cost at least one cent each to send pamphlets through the mails; whereas if the pamphlet was a number of a magazine, the Government would distribute it for one cent a pound. The PHILISTINE was started as a magazine with the definite intention on the part of its publishers that they would forget to issue more than two or three numbers. They were very sure they would not issue more than three. These three were printed and it was apparent that the Ishmaelitic war cry of the PHILISTINE had fallen pleasantly on

many ears. Hubbard wanted to publish more PHILISTINES. Those associated with him in his original idea said that the joke had gone far enough.

Hubbard shook them off and assumed the whole load. The first numbers had been printed by the "WeeklyBlizzard," East Aurora's newspaper. Hubbard bought a hand press and a lot of type. He put them in his barn and hired a man to help. The two of them set up and printed the PHILISTINE. The circulation grew by leaps and bounds. Soon two assistants were needed. In the possession of his own printing shop, Hubbard saw an opportunity at last to put the William Morris idea into practice. He set up "The Song of Songs, which is Solomon's" more for his own æsthetic entertainment than with any hope of material gain. He printed it on his hand press, working the great lever arm himself, once for each impression. He used handmade paper and arranged the margins, type and initials as it seemed to him in harmony with the spirit of the song. To his delight the edition, which was quite small, was immediate-

ly exhausted. One or two similar experiences convinced the leader of the Philistines that the market for the high-priced things is understocked. Since then thirty books have been issued from the Roycroft Press, every one of them with an individuality of its own. The highest achievement of the Roycrofters has been the preparation of an edition of twelve copies of the Sonnets of Shakspeare, printed on real vellum, all bound differently in crushed Levant, hand tooled, and illuminated in different designs. The price of these was set at \$100 each. The entire edition has been subscribed for.

With the increasing demand for well-made, beautiful and individual books it was possible to make the work of the shop more and more elaborate. The Roycrofters—as soon as Hubbard had associated two or three workers with himself he insisted that the shop was no longer Elbert Hubbard's, but the Roycrofters—and he shared the profits with them—built a shop, an unpretentious little frame structure. The inside was planned like a simple chapel, with bare rafters above and a

great open fireplace built into one side of the room. The printing presses—there were two or three by this time—were put in the basement. A few long tables placed about the main floor sufficed for the binders and illuminators. Fra Elbertus had a desk in one corner & the Bursar's was near by. The little room soon became overcrowded. Additions were made—all of them along simple lines of architecture, but they have not relieved the crowding of the workers.

In the room which is now occupied by the illuminators there is a big open fireplace and chimney built with field-stones, "hard heads" Erie county farmers call them. They look all alike in the field—cold, hard, gray. But split and shaped, as Hubbard says, "by loving strokes of the sixteen pound hammer," they disclosed the warmest of under-tones from orange to purple, each somehow in harmony with all the others. They were so beautiful in the fireplace that it seemed well to make a whole building of them. Hubbard went abroad among the farmers offering \$1 a load for hard-heads delivered on





In the Bindery.



his empty lot near the shop. The farmers tapped their heads significantly, grinned at one another and put in their spare hours hauling stones from their cabbage fields to Hubbard. Fifteen hundred loads came in and then the farmers notified Hubbard that if he wanted any more stones he would have to pay for them. The only hard-heads there were within five miles of East Aurora were those piled up in front of the Roycroft shop. The farmers had cleared their own farms, and had been paid for doing it. Hubbard had enough stone to build three buildings. One of them is finished now, and another still larger in process. The Roycrofters build as the painter paints or the poet writes. They rub out and do over that which does not please them. The plans of the building change between every rising of the sun and the going down of the same. Such conduct would drive any other builder to distraction. Roycrofters are their own builders. When the printers are out of copy they go and lug rocks to those who lay the stones in place. The stonemasons themselves are men hired in the vil-

lage to do that particular work. But Fra Elbertus himself and St. Jerome Roycroft are not unskilled handlers of stone.

There is little monotony about Roycroft labor, though some may think that the elaborate illumination of one initial letter after another through the whole edition of a book is the most monotonous thing in the world. The shop is like a play house. Though the architecture must be described as simple, there are queer little windows and cubby-holes and unexpected places. Climbing a stair from one room to another, one finds himself on a landing from which there are glimpses of picturesque corners of the workroom. Every room is light. The walls are hung with deep-colored binding skins and with harum-scarum caricatures that have been reproduced in the PHILISTINE, or with richly colored tapestry. In one corner is the life-size bust of Fra Elbertus modeled by St. Jerome Roycroft. On a table between two workers lies a bronze cast of the clasped hands of the Brownings. Play & work and art are indiscriminately thrown together.

Hanging inside the glass of the front door of the shop—the great wrought iron hinges of the door and step railings were hammered out by St. Jerome—is a sign illuminated gloriously on a black card, requesting that "visitors will kindly ask Ali Baba to check their wheels."

Elbert Hubbard calls himself an anarchist. By way of proving it he spells it "anarkist." Government and discipline are quite inconsistent with his theory of life. The Roycrofters have no rules and no foremen. But somehow they all get to work at the same time every morning and take the same hours for luncheon and recreation—yes, for recreation. Illuminating is confining work, as is bookbinding, and for a quarter hour each morning and afternoon everybody goes out into the yard and plays tag, or engages in other fresh-air relaxation.

No more assorted eccentrics were ever gathered under a roof than the leading spirits of the Roycrofters. Asked how he collected them Hubbard will say: "Oh they blew in," or "Ali Baba knew of them and advised they be sent for." Ali Baba is a great

man. There is some reason to believe he regards himself, and not without reason perhaps, as the only sane man associated with the Roycrofters. He was Hubbard's hired man in the early days of the stock farm. He is a hard-headed, broad shouldered, grizzled farmer on whom has grown a great sense of responsibility as he has pondered on the seeming irresponsibility with which he is surrounded. These people are good to him. They seem to regard him highly and he is very fond of them, but as he goes about his multifarious businesses Ali Baba seems to be looking over his shoulder all the time, as if anticipating a violent outbreak. The PHILISTINE is full of alleged quotations from his philosophy of life and literary views. These things do not worry Ali Baba. He simply eyes the Roycrofters placidly and reserves judgment. It pleases Fra Elbertus to speak of Ali Baba as a most convivial person. When a visitor is asked to have a drink from the Roycroft cask labelled "inspiration," Ali Baba is summoned to lift glasses with him, as Hubbard does not drink. Ali

Baba's comments on the world as it goes about him are a great joy to the Roycrofters, and his doings are fully reported at every meal hour. His strongest point is authority. Ali Baba cannot dig a post-hole until he has summoned with commanding gestures and "here, you's" all the workmen in sight to stand around and hold tools and measuring tapes, while he does the work himself. Ali Baba's name is of uncertain derivation. Some of the Roycrofters say that Denslow, the artist, caught Ali Baba's fingers in his tobacco jar and so gave him the name of the plunderer of the forty thieves. But it is n't safe to accept as gospel anything a Roycrofter says about Ali Baba.

Samuel Warner, F. R. S. A.—if you ask a Roycrofter if the initials stand for Fellow of the Royal Society of Artists, he will seem politely surprised and say he never heard of such an organization—came as near blowing in as ever any one did. He came to East Aurora on his way to nowhere. He was in hard luck. He stayed with the Roycrofters for a night and before he knew it he was a Roycrofter himself. It is

he who sets the color schemes for the illuminators and designs the title pages and the borders and the bookplates of the beautiful Roycroft books. He has an art class in the evening, to which all the Roycrofters are welcome, and he teaches them and works with them with the utmost pains. Lately the Roycrofters have taken to designing bookplates to order. "Sammy the Artist" designs them.

The girls, by whom the artist's plans of decoration are carried into effect, are all of them from the village of East Aurora & the country roundabout. It was made known that there was work for the girls to do at the Roycroft shop and that good wages would be paid. As many as there were room for were employed and set to work. If a girl showed aptitude in lettering or coloring she was encouraged and opportunities given her to develop as much artistic originality as was in her. If she was clumsy and without taste, some other work in the shop was found her. Every girl in the shop has had a chance to find her place. Some of them have developed remarkably. The free-

hand extra illumination of some of the costliest Roycroft books is now left in the hands of the girls who never saw a water-color box until three years ago. A few of these girls were not much thought of in East Aurora before the days of the Roycroft. Their employment at the shop did not lessen the stony glare of New England suspicion with which the East Aurora clergy regarded Elbert Hubbard from the beginning. Since they have been doing the Roycroft work, and their minds have been always occupied with beautiful things, many remarkable changes have been made in them and in the trend of East Aurora opinion. These are things, however, the visitor must find out for himself. The Roycrofters will not talk about them, and they are not before the world as social reformers. From Hubbard, in his tattered black felt hat and blue flannel shirt and corduroy knickerbockers, to the dirtiest helper about the presses, there is an unbroken merry good fellowship. Sometimes the joking is a little severe—as when a ragged soleless pair of shoes were hung from

the rafters at a level with the visitor's eyes with the label, "These are the shoes that Sammy the Artist wore when he came to the Roycroft Shop."

"Sammy did n't like that," says Fra Elbertus, "and said they must come down. Sammy is Dutch and has occasional lapses into seriousness. But the shoes stayed, because they tell a better story than any that has ever been printed in the shop, & now Sammy is proud of them."

Much of the creative genius of the shop outside of literature is derived from St. Jerome Roycroft. His impulse for the plastic arts had to struggle through an environment of blacksmithing. St. Jerome is only twenty-four and has a chest like a beer keg and the profile of an American Indian. His black hair is as straight as so much wire and he lets it grow down to his collar and there chops it off short and square. He turned to stonecutting from blacksmithing. It soon became apparent that he could cut stone artistically and just then Hubbard found him. He has never studied in an art school in his life. He models portrait busts



Roycroft Blacksmiths



and bas-reliefs that are accepted as remarkable work by many competent judges who have seen them. He chisels marble copies of his own clay models. Then there is sober, sedate & quiet Eleanor Douglas, who throws pottery on the wheel and has discovered that East Aurora clay is susceptible of such treatment that it may be brought out of the kiln with a beautiful color unknown to other pottery.

When andirons were wanted for the big fireplaces in the shop, Josh went to the village blacksmith's shop and hammered them out, with the aid of the blacksmith. A visitor saw and coveted them. They were sold to him at a good big price. Since then the blacksmith's shop has been annexed by the Roycrofters & andirons have become a Roycroft product. The sign of the Roycroft, before the bad boys pelted it with apples so it had to be taken down, was the hippocampus or sea horse. The Roycroft andirons are generally big sprawling sea horses.

The East Aurora carpenter and cabinet maker spent his life until lately, tinkering. The Roycroft-

ers went to him and ordered a table made after the William Morris fashion, circular and some eight feet in diameter, with six or eight great plain legs, and all polished oak. The carpenter doubted, but he took the order and filled it. When he heard that a visitor to the shop had paid \$75 for the table after it was made, he grumbled no more. Now when he can be spared from the buildings, he makes tables, chairs and plain oak pedestals for statuary. These things are all taken away by visitors, who did not come there with any idea of buying them.

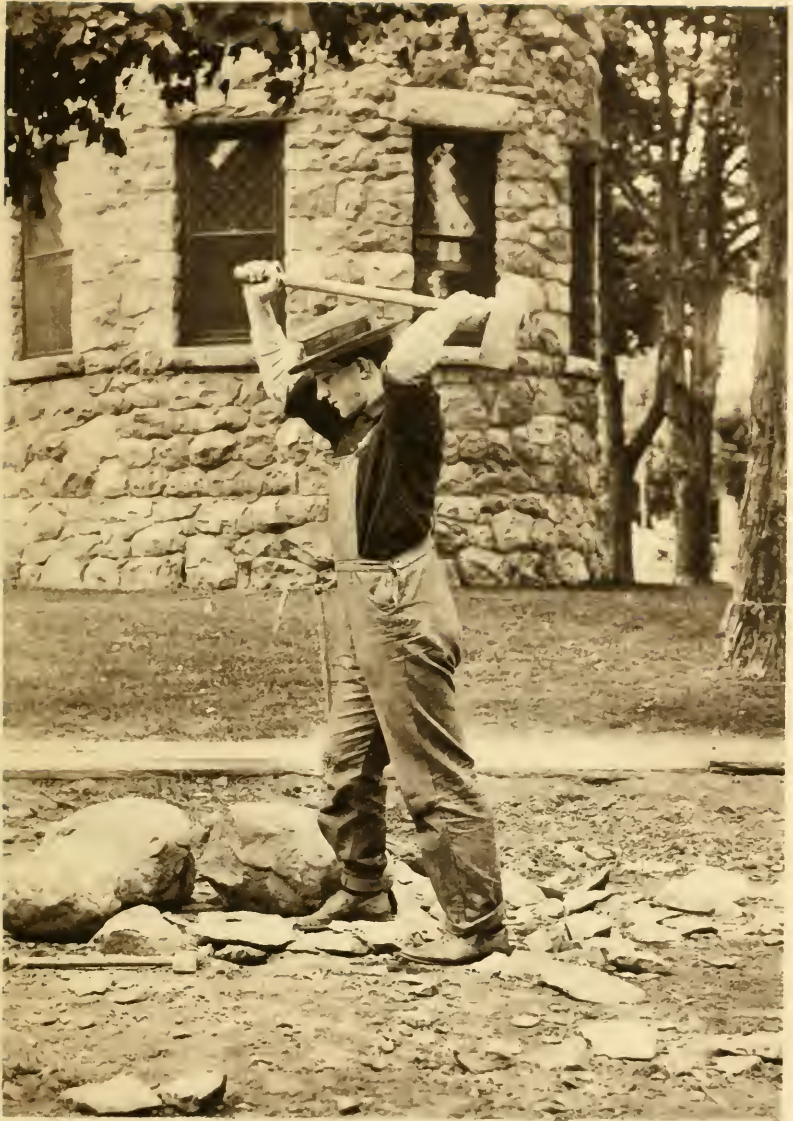
The Roycrofters, perhaps quite naturally, do not mind being exhibited. It is part of the joke to them ; perhaps it is the only part in the joke Ali Baba really shares. There is a most gracious young woman whose task is to rise from her illuminating and walk through the shop with each visitor that comes. She points out the greater celebrities, and if they are not busy introduces them. It is lots of fun to see St. Jerome Roycroft clasp his steel paw about that of an over-enthusiast who thinks that because the Roy-

crofters choose to live in a buckwheat village they can be recklessly jollied. Each guest is asked to register, and as a parting gift to accept a catalog of the late Roycroft books. This catalog is just as carefully printed as any other Roycroft book. It is illuminated and printed in colors. But you must go to East Aurora to get it. In going through the shop the visitor will find, tucked under stairways and in odd corners, cots neatly covered with old fashioned patchwork counterpanes. He is informed that many of the young men sleep in the building. The big fireplace in the first building is the gathering place at night for all the men Roycrofters. Sometimes the girls come. It is the counsel fire. Hawthorne, the red-headed Bursar, whose work hours in the shop are from six in the morning until midnight, and who eats at Hubbard's

house next door and sleeps in the shop when he is not working; and St. Jerome (at these counsels called St. Geronimo); and Sammy the Artist, and Kinder, the binder who came from Germany, because there were none capable of his work in this country; and Bertie, the oldest Hubbard boy, who is sixteen and is the only engineer and electrician that has ever strung a wire or bolted a shaft in the establishment; and Bertie's pal, who was bound for the Reform School when Hubbard took him — all these sit and talk before the fire with the master for hours together. Sometimes they are quiet, and sometimes the roar of their laughter can be heard out on the Main street above the rattle of stray wagons that bump down the corduroy road to the railroad station.

The Roycrofters have no agents or traveling salesmen; they do not sell their books thru stores, neither do they advertise in Munsey's. Send a postal card and any books we have in stock will be sent you on approval.





A Roycroft Artist



## Some extracts from letters from a few well-known Book-Lovers:

**Y**ES, I have been to the Sun-Rising ; I have seen Ali Baba, Saint Gerome and Fra Elbertus at work ; I have seen the place where country boys and girls are given an education in art, music and literature—each according to his power to absorb—and it all seems to me the nearest approach to Utopia that has yet been realized.

MAUDE ADAMS.

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**T**HE style in which you have reprinted "Sesame and Lilies" is very pleasing to Mr. Ruskin. He wishes me to say that this beautiful book goes far in atoning for the typographical sins that have been inflicted on his writings by certain American publishers.

JAMES HULL LIPTON,

Coniston, Jan. 5, 1898.

Secretary.

---

**T**HE beautiful Roycroft book just reached me this morning, and I write at once to tell you that we are all greatly pleased with it. Will you hand the enclosed check to the Bursar, with the request that I be enrolled as a "Life Member." I am not quite sure that I shall live ninety-nine years, but surely such books as you make must conduce to longevity.

Faithfully yours,

Washington, Sept. 27, 1898.

JOHN HAY.

---

**I** SEND you love and blessings for the noble volume. It seems like a breath from some old Scriptorium of the Middle Ages, when the making of books was a holy service, not a speculation.

CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

The Bungalow.

Washington, D. C., March 6, 1898.

**H**ER MAJESTY, the Queen, directs me to express to Mr. Hubbard the pleasure she has had in the beautiful copy of "Sonnets from the Portuguese." The combination of paper, typography, illuminations and binding is so harmonious that the work has been given a place among the Queen's intimate book treasures.

HELEN BARSTOW,  
Assistant to the Librarian.  
Windsor Castle, June 18, 1897.

**I**HAND you cheque for the six books that have been safely received and sent on the way to make six dear friends happy. You must send me two copies of each one of the Roycroft books as issued, to my London address. I have just learned where East Aurora really is, and am quite provoked to think that I spent all last week at Buffalo and did not go out to see "how you do it."

ELLEN TERRY.  
Pittsburg, Dec. 4, 1897.

**F**OR the check enclosed please send me another "Rubaiyat." The loving care you bestow on your work I hope is not without its due reward.

JOHN L. STODDARD.  
New York, July 27, 1898.

**I**SAT in the waiting room of the Central Station at Buffalo & heard the gate-man call "All aboard for Ebenezer, Elma, Arcade, Olean, and EAST AURORA!" A great throb came to my heart at mention of the name and I repeated it softly to myself, "East Aurora, East Aurora, East Aurora!" Does the old gate-man in the faded blue and brass buttons know the sacredness of his mission in calling men and women to arise and go to East Aurora?

Yes, go to East Aurora now, before the throng goes. Go, for some day you will have to, for East Aurora will be a place of pilgrimage like Bayreuth, Concord and Weimar. In East Aurora they do not merely talk about things—they do things.

ISABEL IRVING.





Type-Setting

THE Roycroft books are a great pleasure to me \* \* \*  
THEODORE ROOSEVELT.  
Executive Mansion, Albany, May 6, 1899.

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THE volume came in good order. Just to hold and caress such a book is a joy.  
LAURENCE HUTTON.  
New York, Feb. 15, 1898.

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YOURS is a classic touch in book-making. You put the best inside the covers, and the plainness of the bindings seems to enhance the delight when one turns the leaves.  
NATHAN HASKELL DOLE.  
Jamaica Plains, March 13, 1899.

---

I AM spending a week here with my friend, Mrs. Ole Bull, and must tell you of the delight that the Roycroft books have given us \* \* \*  
FRANCES E. WILLARD.  
Cambridge, May 8th, 1897.

---

VARIOUS Kelmscott books are mine, and I am sure that Roycroft publications do not suffer any in comparison. Your books show a distinct personality, and the small imperfections I find, only add to their charm, like a patch on beauty's face.  
HAROLD FREDERIC.  
London, April 2, 1898.

---

IT IS probably true that Moses had no Christian name; but in any event the dress you have given this book is a delight to the eye. I would be proud to have some little thing of my own come forth from the Roycroft Shop.  
I. ZANGWILL.  
London, December 1, 1897.

**M**R. E. S. WILLARD sends greetings to the Roycrofters and begs that they will record his permanent London address and send him one each of their books as fast as issued. Mr. Willard will not be so captious as to criticise the "Ruskin and Turner" just received—let the fact that he encloses check be its own comment.

Toronto, Jan. 10, 1898.

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**I**HAVE seen some of your books, and will ask you to send me, care Southern Hotel, one copy each of the publications you have in stock.

MODJESKA.

January 5, 1898.

(Countess Bozenta.)

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**Y**OUR book-making is most quaint and pleasing, withal. I am glad to say that my library holds several Roycroft volumes.

E. C. STEDMAN.

Bronxville, N. Y., Oct. 4, 1897.

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**T**HE Roycroft books are a delight, and I am showing them to my friends with intent to prove that the old world moves. And in moving backward to the time of those Early Venetian Printers (who made such beautiful books while Columbus was discovering America), you have done well. I cannot say you have improved on the Venetians, but you have nearly equaled them.

W. E. GLADSTONE.

Hawarden, Sept. 18, 1897.

---

**Y**OUR politics seem a trifle scrambled and your theology no better, yet I have decided to chance your company for a limited time—say ninety-nine years.

THOMAS BRACKETT REED.

Portland, Maine, Sept. 7th, 1899.

---

**Y**OU will find, in colors, on the Great Roster of Immortals the names of the President, General Superintendent, Traffic Manager, General Freight Agent, Superintendent of Motive Power and



Chief Counsel of the New York Central ; also the name of the Chairman of the Board, who has recently been elected to the United States Senate.

These are valiant Hittites—vouched for by me.

We do not always like the way you carry off the Gates of Gaza, but we read all you write as a sort of mental Martini. Then your books are like a sweet dream of Paradise, beautiful as fair women, or the cars on the Lake Shore Limited.

GEORGE H. DANIELS.

Grand Central Station, New York, Sept. 15, 1899.

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**H**AVING seen the Philistine in his lair and the Roycrofters at their work, Mrs. Pond and I are more in love with Roycroft books than ever. I wonder if your workers realize how much of an education they are acquiring—and giving to others ?

JAMES B. POND.

Everett House, New York, August 21, 1899.

---

**Y**OUR books come to me as a most agreeable rest and refreshment in a very busy life. I trust you will not fail to send me copies in duplicate of all your products.

Chicago, Jan. 4, 1899.

H. N. HIGINBOTHAM.

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**L**AST year I confined my giving of Christmas presents to Roycroft books. This year I intend to do the same ; so send me along as usual a dozen copies of each volume I have checked from your list.

ALVA ADAMS.

Executive Mansion, Denver, Col., Nov. 28, 1898.

---

**Y**OU seem to get a lot of enjoyment out of your work ; and in these days of hurry and rush and anxiety, that is much. I hope you are getting the reward you deserve—and this is a most generous wish.

THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON.

Cambridge, April 6, '99.

**A** QUEER lot of folks you are up there, but I rather like you, and like your work. I think I 'll pack up and go and spend my old age with you, in the Forest of Arden, making Books and Things.

J. Q. A. WARD.

New York City, Jan. 1, 1899.

**M**Y admiration is profound for that man who can use material that no one else wants, and out of stones picked up in the fields rear a beautiful temple. When he dedicates this temple as a Work-Shop for the making of beautiful things, I uncover to one who is showing humanity how to reach salvation by the Gospel of Work.

WHITELAW REID.

March 1st, 1900.

**T**HE Roycroft book which I ordered is on my table, and I hasten to send check and tell you how I like its quaint and curious flavor. More power to your elbow!

F. HOPKINSON SMITH.

February 18, 1900.

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A WOOD MANGLE



# LITTLE JOURNEYS

to the Homes of ENGLISH AUTHORS

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## VOLUME VI—NEW SERIES

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**T**HIS book is the first volume of the JOURNEYS issued by the Roycrofters, and the edition is NOW READY ♣ The book contains the following numbers:

WILLIAM MORRIS

ROBERT BURNS

ROBERT BROWNING

JOHN MILTON

ALFRED TENNYSON

SAMUEL JOHNSON

Portraits in photogravure on Japan paper of each subject, text on Roycroft water-mark, hand-made paper, initials & title page hand illuminated, bound in limp chamois—silk lined, gilt top. Edition limited to one thousand copies, numbered & signed by the author.

Price of volume is Three Dollars.

Subscribers who already have the above mentioned booklets in paper covers, may, if they choose, return the loose numbers to us by mail with remittance of one dollar and fifty cents, for binding, and the volume will go forward.

---

THE ROYCROFTERS,

East Aurora, N. Y.

*A MESSAGE*  
*TO GARCIA*



First printed in the *PHILISTINE* for March, 1899, caused the edition to be exhausted within three days after publication. It was then reissued by Mr. George H. Daniels of the New York Central Railroad, who has issued over a million copies of the preachment. A close calculation shows it has been reprinted about eleven million times. It has been translated and published in six different languages. There are still calls for the booklet, and we have them, on Holland hand-made paper, with one illumined initial, price 10c each, or in quantities, say ten dollars per hundred. A few copies numbered and signed by the author, bound in limp chamois, satin-lined, illumined title-page, one dollar per copy. Address the Bursar of

**THE ROYCROFT SHOP**  
East Aurora, N. Y.





in the Mailing Department



# LITTLE JOURNEYS

to the Homes of  
ENGLISH  
AUTHORS

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**T**HIS book is the second volume of the JOURNEYS issued by the Roycrofters, and the edition is NOW READY ♣ The book contains the following numbers :

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LORD BYRON

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ROBERT SOUTHEY

SAM'L T. COLERIDGE

BENJAMIN DISRAELI

Portraits in photogravure on Japan paper of each subject, text on Roycroft water-mark, hand-made paper, initials & title page hand illumined, bound in limp chamois—silk lined, gilt top. Edition limited to one thousand copies, numbered & signed by the author.

Price of volume is Three Dollars.

Subscribers who already have the above mentioned booklets in paper covers, may, if they choose, return the loose numbers to us by mail with remittance of one dollar and fifty cents, for binding, and the volume will go forward.

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**THE ROYCROFTERS,**  
East Aurora, N. Y.

**A**T the AUCTION SALE, held in  
New York, March 1900, of the  
LIBRARY of the late AUGUSTIN DALY,  
ROYCROFT BOOKS sold as follows:

Names of Books and Auction Sale prices.	Original price.
THE PHILISTINE, Vols. 1-7, last three unbound, \$3.50 per vol.,	\$24.50 3.50
RUBAIYAT, No. 763 of 920 copies, green chamois,	7.50 2.00
RUBAIYAT, Half gray levant,	6.50 2.00
RUSKIN-TURNER, inscribed,	15.00 5.00
ECCLESIASTES,	10.00 2.00
ART AND LIFE, Japan paper,	7.50 5.00
ON GOING TO CHURCH,	3.00 1.00
BOOK-WORM, Autographs of Irving Browne and Elbert Hubbard, one of 590 copies,	16.00 5.00
UPLAND PASTURES, illuminated copy, 9 aquarelles,	21.00 7.50
SESAME AND LILIES, one of 40 copies,	20.00 10.00
THE LEGACY, Two Vols.,	12.00 3.00
JOB, One of 350 copies,	12.00 5.00
DESERTED VILLAGE,	15.00 10.00
IN MEMORIAM,	7.50 2.00
SONNETS FROM THE PORTUGUESE, Autograph letter from publisher enclosed,	18.50 5.00
FAMOUS WOMEN, De luxe,	13.00 10.00
SEEMS TO ME, On Japan Vellum, one of 40 copies,	11.00 10.00

# LITTLE JOURNEYS

*To the Homes of ENGLISH AUTHORS*

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SERIES OF 1900

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1,000 COPIES OF EACH SUBJECT

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The ROYCROFTERS at EAST  
AURORA, Erie Co., New York

AT the AUCTION SALE, held Friday, April 20th, at the Rooms of JOHN ANDERSON, JR., 34 West 30th Street, New York City, the following named *ROYCROFT BOOKS* were disposed of at the prices mentioned:

Titles of Books and Auction Sale prices.		Original price
THE SONG OF SONGS,	\$25.00	2.00
BOOK OF ECCLESIASTES,	7.00	2.00
RUSKIN AND TURNER,	18.00	5.00
SONNETS FROM THE PORTUGUESE,	13.00	5.00
THE BOOK OF JOB,	21.00	5.00
LOVE BALLADS OF THE XVIIth CENTURY,	5.50	2.00
IN THE TRACK OF THE BOOKWORM,	21.00	5.00
UPLAND PASTURES,	13.00	5.00
THE DESERTED VILLAGE,	15.00	5.00
HAND AND BRAIN,	4.50	2.00
AS IT SEEMS TO ME,	7.25	2.50
IN MEMORIAM,	10.25	2.00
SESAME AND LILIES,	10.00	5.00
THE PHILISTINE, per volume,	6.00	1.00



Old Uncle John  
Woodworker & Horse Trainer

21

Life Without

Industry is

Guilt



Industry Without

Art is Brutality

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APR 22 1981

REC'D LD-URL

LD APR 22 1982

APR 6 1982

JUN 27 1983

REC'D ED-URL

JUN 07 1983

JUN 15 1983

ORION  
LD/URL APR 17 '89

OCT 05 1992

OCT 16 1995

JUN 27 1996

REC'D LD-URL

JAN 10 1990

JAN 15 1990

REC'D LD-URL  
MAY 11 1993

APR 27 1993

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